January 25th-65

Dearest Wife

It is with pleasure that I again take up my pen to inform you that I am enjoying the best of health, & hope these few lines may find you & Emma & Mary (God bless their sweet souls) enjoying the same great blessing. In my last letter I seied I did not think I would write any more until I got a letter, but if I cannot hear from you, I want you to hear from me. It would do my heart good to get a letter from you, till I could hear how you are getting along, & to hear from my dear old father (if still alive) & Uncle Morgan & many other good friends, but I will have to wait until I get a letter or letter, I read a letter from P. sometime ago that rather beat me some little on one or two things. (but I'll mention no name at present) from christmas until the 20th of this month it was the nicest weather I ever saw

[illegal] every day alike, neither warm nor cold since the 20th it has been tolerably cold. Snowed here about five inches, but 6 or 7 miles above and the range at summit it 15 or 20 feet deep; but so far (with the exception of a few days,) it has been a very pleasant winter. I wonder like very much to know if John has called & sent in your money, & the Tobacco Line is also must be considerable, Tell your dear old father & mother that I want them to whip me good when I come back for using their darling children the way I used you, going off & sending you back for them to fuss about, (my fingers is cold can't write I warm them & I'll tell you the rest) but tell them when I come back we will be good children. Give them the happiest & try to make an unbroken family around the heavenly throne, while the other boys reads their old novels & papers I read the testament & hymnbook, & feel happy, do you mine Sally one day I scolded you for stabbing Emma [illegible] the testament & hymnbook to play with. She bit the corners & back, I'm glad now she did for when I see the prints of them sweet little teeth I see her. I am in a hard place to try to be a christian, but dearest companion I would not give the love I have in my poor heart & the prospects of getting to a better world, when done here below for all this world calls great & good, dearest Sade raise our sweet little children right, & pray for your unworthy husband. That sweet little class at Christiansburgh Oh! that I could meet & worship with them again, I love that class every member, & all the old neighbors of [illegible] I love them well. I am about the same dad I used to be as ugly as ever & a little worse, I've not shaved since I left to get that likeness taken (that was broken in three pieces when you got it) I hate that, my mustaches is as long as a rats tail, pretty aint I. to Sally, from dad.